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Nothing can be more demoralizing to young or middle-aged men than the presence of these "nightly losses." They produce weakness, nervousness, a feeling of disgust and a whole train of symptoms. They unfit a man for business, married life and social happiness. No matter whether caused by evil habits in youth, natural weakness or sexual excesses, our New Method Treatment will positively cure you.

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Reader, you need help. Early abuse or later excesses may have weakened you. Examine how you have fared. You are not safe till cured. Our New Method will cure you. You run no risk.

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Young Man—You are pale, feeble and haggard; nervous, irritable and excitable. You become forgetful, moody, and despondent; blotches and pimples, creaky eyes, wrinkled face, stooping form and downcast countenance reveal the blight of your existence.

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No matter how serious your case may be, a few long years may have had it, our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure it. The "wormy veins" return to their normal condition and hence the sexual organs receive proper nourishment. The organs become vitalized, all unnatural drains or losses cease and usually return. No temporary benefit, but a permanent cure assured. NO CURE, NO PAY. NO OPERATIONS. NO DANGER. NO DETENTION FROM BUSINESS.

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Jack Collier's Partner.

Franklin, Ky., Jan. 11.—Mr. D. M. Walker has purchased from J. R. Collier one-half interest in the Franklin Favorite. The paper will be published in the firm name of Collier & Walker. Mr. Walker is a young limb of the law, a graduate of Ann Arbor, Mich., and a bright Democrat.

YOU don't need the doctor for every little trouble, but you do need in the house a trusty remedy for times of danger. Thousands are saved by having at hand

Dr. J. H. McLean's
Liver & Kidney Balm

a certain cure for disorders of the Liver, Kidneys and Bladder. Use it at once for soreback, furred tongue, lost appetite and changes in urine or bowels. It is wise to be always ready for them. Sold by druggists, \$1.00 a bottle.

THE DR. J. H. McLEAN MEDICINE CO.,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
For sale by C. K. WILY Druggist.

Hopkinsville Produce Market.
Cash prices paid by Hopkinsville merchants:

Bacon—
Hams—country 11@10c
Shoulders 6 1/2@7 1/2c
Sides 5@7c
Lard 7@8c

Country Produce—
Butter 12 1/2@15c
Eggs 12@15c
New feathers 25@28c
Beeswax 18@21c
Tallow 2 1/2c
Ginseng, per lb. \$2@2.25
Honey 7 1/2@8c
Tub-washed wool 26c
Greased 13@18c

Grain—
Clover, per bushel \$8
Corn 20c
Wheat 60c
Corn, shelled 25c

Hides and Furs—
Green hides 6@7c
Green salted hides 7 1/2c
Dry flint 10@12c

Vegetables—
Sweet Potatoes 30c
Irish potatoes, per bushel 70c
Cabbage, per head 3@5c

Flour, Retail—
Patent, per bbl. \$4.00
Standard, per bbl. \$3.50

Hay—
Clover, per cwt. 55c
Good Timothy 70c

Brn, retail 11c

Live stock—
Hogs \$3@4.45
Sheep \$2.50@3.00
Cattle \$2.50@3.50
Calves \$3.00@3.25
Lambs \$4.00@4.25

YOU can't judge the dinner by the tone of the bell.

Tetter, Salt Rheum and Eczema.

The intense itching and smarting incident to these diseases is instantly allayed by applying Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment. Many very bad cases have been permanently cured by it. It is equally efficient for itching piles and a favorite remedy for sore nipples, chapped hands, chilblains, frost bites and chronic sore eyes. 35cts. per box.

DR. CARY'S CONDITION POWDERS, are just what a horse needs when in bad condition. Tonic, blood purifier and vermifuge. They are not food but medicine and the best in use to put a horse in prime condition. Price 25 cents per package. For sale by R. C. Hardwick, druggist.

Poverty may blunt our other senses, but it sharpens the taste.

La Grippe Successfully Treated.

"I have just recovered from the second attack of la grippe this year," says Mr. Jas. A. Jones, publisher of the leader, Mexia, Texas. "In the latter case I used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and I think with considerable success, only being laid a little over two days against ten days for the former attack. The second attack I am satisfied would have been equally as bad as the first but for the use of his remedy as I had to go to bed in about six hours after being struck with it, while in the first case I was able to attend to business about two days before getting 'down'." For sale by R. C. HARDWICK, Druggist.

It's painful to see a man try to laugh when he isn't amused.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the
Signature
of
Wm. D. Wadsworth

Mrs. Daniel Slade fell at her home in Falmouth, fracturing a bone in her wrist, being seriously hurt.

CHARTER.

The world's most famous.
What says it concerning
When heartless words are spoken
That leave a bitter sting.

No matter whether just or not,
They are often said the same,
Almost crushing a poor soul
That is not a bit to blame.

Their life is such a struggle,
To meet its daily care,
Until it seems their burden
Are more than they can bear.

When most they need encouragement
And little words of cheer,
Too often it is censured
And malice that they hear.

If we were only as willing
To repeat good as we are ill,
Would we not be more happy,
And others happier still?

Let us then be charitable,
Give joy instead of pain—
One single kindly word
Will come back ten-fold again.

—Virginia C. Smith, in Cleveland Leader.

A SECRET

When Doris married I arranged to allow her a couple of hundred a year, on condition that she kept it a secret. I am blessed with a number of other nieces to whom I have no desire to allow anything. They are all nice girls, in their way, and I've no particular fault to find with them; but they aren't Doris. She was always my favorite, from the time she began to talk. No doubt it was artful of her mother to teach her to say: "Nice uncle!" before she could toddle, but she did, and that settled the question of favoritism.

Doris is a romantic young person, with a weakness for writing poetry, and all that sort of thing, and she had some scruples about keeping a secret from her husband; but I insisted.

"Of course, if Harry should ever be hard up, you'll have to tell him and go shares," I said. "But if he has a fault—"

"He hasn't," she assured me.

When they had been married about 15 months she called at my office one afternoon. She kissed me three times, and termed me "Dear old uncle" twice; so I knew she had come to propose something preposterous.

"Well, madam," I inquired, crossing my legs and folding my hands judiciously, "may I ask the real purport of this demonstration?"

She traced the pattern of the carpet thoughtfully with her parasol. "It is getting rather worn," she said, "and the pattern is too small. I should have a warmer color next time if I were you; and—O! I come to propose something."

"Yes, my dear," I said, calmly, "I could have told you that."

"I was going to say that you were quite right about that allowance of mine. It is kind of you, uncle, really." She touched my arm with her tiny gloved hand, and I patted it.

"I trust Harry hasn't been plunging?" I asked, with alarm.

"O, dear, no!" she cried. "How could you imagine such a thing?"

"Then how is my wisdom proved?"

"I am going to explain. You—you



"OH, DEAR NO," SHE CRIED.
won't be cross—or satirical—will you, uncle, dear?"

"I hope not."

"It's this, uncle. You know how fond Harry is of painting, and how he gets up early and does such lovely pictures before he goes to the city?"

"Yes—es. Go on, my dear."

"I call them beautiful; but they don't have them at the academy—I'm sure it's only jealousy—and he can't sell them often, you know."

"Umph!" I thought she wanted me to purchase them.

"I want you to get an agent to buy some—with my allowance—which Harry knows nothing about." I was preparing to object, but she put her hand on my shoulder. "It would please poor Harry so," she pleaded, "and I should be just as well off. He would be sure to buy things for me and the baby with the money. If he didn't, we have everything we really need. He is so good and kind to me, and—I do so want to—uncle, dear." She paused for breath, while her big eyes looked so entreatingly. I wiped my pen carefully and considered.

"Master Harry is a sufficiently lucky man, without being a great artist," I said, at last.

"It would please me, uncle."

"My dear child, the allowance is to be spent entirely at your own discretion. It's a good plan—of a good little woman." She jumped up and fairly hugged me, until I had to protest that one of my clerks might come in.

Doris' plans were duly carried out—they generally are. We bought 11 of the masterpieces for \$215. Doris was in high glee, and actually offered to stand me lunch out of her small balance. Strange to say, Harry made no mention of the sale to her, though he seemed jubilant. So we felt sure that he was preparing some grand surprise. When a week had passed, however, I

learned to my dismay. Then he called at the office.

"I want to consult you about something, uncle," he said. "It is a secret from Doris, you must understand."

"Yes," said I, rubbing my hands and laughing up my sleeve. "Yes, my boy."

"I've sold some of my dubs," he continued with a hearty laugh, "for a couple of hundred. It's quite a wind-fall. So I want to do something for Doris with the money."

"Exactly," I agreed.

"You know she wrote a book of poems before we were married, called 'Roseleaves—not half bad, either.'"

"Yes, of course, I know; but I wouldn't encourage her to do any more if I were you, Harry. She's better occupied with her baby and house—and husband."

"Certainly, but they were published at her own risk—or—?" He looked at me.

"Mine? Well, I'm afraid so."

"It has always been a sad point with her that they didn't go off better. So I thought perhaps we could arrange to buy the lot with my two hundred. It would please her awfully, poor little woman."

I nearly choked with laughter, but I managed to control my countenance.

"A splendid idea, and does you great credit," I told him.

We arranged it so successfully that in a few days a check went to Doris from her publishers for \$200.

She came round just before dinner to tell me; but, to my surprise, she seemed dismal. After a few minutes' gloomy conversation, she sat down on the rug at my feet as she used to do when she was a child, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"He has never said one word to me about the pictures," she cried; "and—and—I looked in his check book—and—he's spent it all. I know it is—some one else."

"I have more faith in Harry than his foolish little wife has," I said, cheerily. "Come, come, dear, you mustn't give way like this."

"I wouldn't have cared for myself if he had just bought something for the dear little baby," she continued, huskily.

"Give him a little more time," I suggested. "Meanwhile, I'll see what I can find out. I shall see him at the club this evening, if you will let him out—"

"He can go just where he pleases, and when he pleases," she said, scornfully. "I don't want him."

"Don't be a little donkey," I said sharply. I seldom speak sharply to Doris. If I do she generally cries, and makes me feel like a brute.

I went round to the club after dinner, and found Harry watching the billiard tournament, as I had expected. He was dull, and after a bit drew me into an alcove.

"Look here, uncle, Doris hasn't said a word about the check for the poems. I thought perhaps she hadn't opened the letter—you know she's jolly careless about such things—so I went up to her room when she was out this afternoon to see if it was lying on her table. It wasn't—but the envelope was. So was her check book. I didn't know she had an account even. I suppose it was shabby, but I looked at it and found she had a lot of money I knew nothing of; and had just paid a check for over a couple of hundred."

"Good heavens, man!" I cried. "You surely don't suspect her of anything wrong?"

"Wrong—certainly not; foolish—nothing more likely. Anyhow, she hasn't been straight with me. I don't know if she thought I might want her money." He kicked a chair savagely.

I saw the game through while I considered the matter. Then I left and took a cab to their house, resolved to have done with secrets. The truth might hurt their vanity; but they'd have to put up with that. When I entered the drawing-room they were both there, and I plunged at once into the matter.

"Look here, young people," I said, "you both have a secret." But Harry put his arm around her, and they looked at one another and laughed.

"I've found out," said he.

"So," she said, "have I. I think you're a pair of wicked, deceitful creatures"—Chicago Tribune.

The Death of Carlyle.

Uncle had not been considered seriously ill more than about a fortnight or so before the end. The vital spark of life towards the last days kept flickering in a way so extraordinary that the doctor declared he had never met such tenacity of life and vitality in the whole course of his varied London and other experience. Dear uncle, the good, true and noble old man that he was, really suffered little in the way of pain for some weeks before his death, which was itself little more than a gentle flickering sleep, ending in a scarcely heard last sigh of sound. While lying in a comatose or unconscious state his mind seemed to wander back to old Annandale memories of his ever loved ones and their surroundings; his mother holding her supreme seat surrounded by a trooping throng of once familiar faces, not very greatly less dear to him. He died full of years, with all his weary task of world's work well and nobly done, and leaves no mortal behind him who does not love and reverence his life and memory.—John C. Aiken in Atlantic.

Striking Contradictions.

A great contrast will often be found to exist between authors and their works, melancholy writers being the most jovial in society usually, and humorists in theory the most lugubrious mortals in practice. "The Comforts of Human Life," by R. Heron, was written in prison under the most distressing circumstances. "The Miseries of Human Life," by Beresford, was, on the contrary, composed in a drawing-room where the author was surrounded by the best of everything, and Burton, the author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," was extremely facetious in conversation.—Detroit Free Press.

Worthy of the name. who did not aspire to be the father and the grandfather of healthy, capable children to hand down his name and the fortune accumulated by the sweat of his brow, from generation to generation. There never was a wife fit to bear that noble title, who did not wish to wear womanhood's most glorious crown, the sceptre of motherhood. Thousands of wedded couples, otherwise happy, fall short of wedlock's greatest happiness because they are childless. In the majority of cases, this is because the wife, through ignorance or neglect, suffers from weakness and disease of the organs distinctly feminine. For women who suffer in this way there is one great medicine that does not fail to accomplish its purpose. It is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which acts directly on the delicate organs concerned and makes them strong, healthy, vigorous, virile and elastic. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and tones the shattered nerves. It fits for wifehood and motherhood. It quickens and vitalizes the distinctly feminine organism. It banishes the maladies of the system, and makes baby's introduction to the world easy and almost painless. It insures the little new-comer's health and nourishment in plenty. It is the best supportive tonic for nursing mothers.

Mrs. Jennie Parks, of Marshall, Spokane Co., Wash., writes: "I am glad to tell of the good results of your great medicine, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I was benefited by your medicine in confinement. It gives me strength. I have no tired feeling and my baby is the picture of health. I feel better than I have in ten years."

In cases of constipation Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be used as an adjunct to the "Favorite Prescription," they are extremely simple, perfectly natural and insure prompt and permanent relief.

ANYTHING will do the Republicans nowadays for an excuse to assure the public how very dear President McKinley is becoming to the people. They are simply howling themselves hoarse because the President said at the Atlanta Peace Jubilee that the graves of the Confederate soldiers should henceforth be the nation's care. "An epoch in history!" they shout. "The President seized the psychological moment to wipe out all sectional issues between the North and the South!"

It was a graceful and proper tribute and well put. Nobody is denying that. But when we talk about making an "epoch in history," and "the psychological moment," it might be well to note that epochs in history are not made by gracefully-turned speeches. The "epoch in history" was made when the Democrats, without regard to politics or sectional feeling, stood by the Republicans as a unit and urged the war to free Cuba from the yoke of Spanish tyranny and to wipe out the horrors of the starving reconcentrados.

There were much more "psychological moments"—if anybody knows just what that phrase means—when the charge was made at El Caney, and Santiago was stormed by men who formerly fought as Confederates, but now stood shoulder to shoulder with their former foes under the same flag and impelled by the same common enthusiasm to free an oppressed people.

It is all right to have the President swinging around from one Peace Jubilee to another and saying pleasant things and taking all the credit that doesn't belong to him nor his party; but there are a few millions of people who recall recent history as it was made and prefer political principles to polite platitudes.

By the way, in the last Presidential campaign Mark Hanna and his coterie made Mr. McKinley stay at home in Canton and they openly sneered at Bryan's trip through the country. Now the same managers are rushing poor, good-natured, vacillating President McKinley through the country every time they can get a chance and making him declaim carefully-prepared speeches. "These never by any chance mention party policy. As Dooley sapiently remarks: "There's only two people in this country who don't know the Administration's policy, and that is Mr. McKinley and me."

It would really be rather pathetic to see the Administration making such a monkey of itself, only it furnishes such good Democratic campaign material. Think of all the important national issues pending and the President takes his official and military family with him to Atlanta to make a nice, classified little Decoration Day oration.—Exchange.

Rat Nest Decides Law Suit.

A man in the Palouse country lost his ranch in a contest case because a nest containing a large family of mice was found in his bed. It proved conclusively that he had not occupied the ranch according to law.—Portland Oregonian.